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BEST PRIMARY RECITATIONS



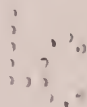
BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO



BEST PRIMARY RECITATIONS

OVER TWO HUNDRED ORIGINAL
RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES
FOR FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

BY
WINIFRED A. HOAG
11



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

714 0291
H. B.

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PIECES FOR EVERY DAY

	PAGE		PAGE
Answer, An	21	Last and Least	15
Baby's Flowers	14	Little Weather-Man, A	21
Best of All, The	11	Magic Sound, The	15
Better Way, A	10	Misery Loves Com-	
Birthday Thought, A	12	pany	10
Brightest Light, The	10	Misfortune, A	18
Child's Idea, A	24	Mother's Love	11
Comparison, A	20	Mother's Turn	24
Difference of Opinion	25	Mystery Solved, A	19
Disappointment, A	10	New Method, A	19
Discouraged	11	Not Appropriate	13
Drawback, A	9	Not So Bad	9
Dumb Animals	12	Odd, Indeed	15
Finger Story, A	12	One Advantage	17
First Day, The	14	One Exception	16
Good Examples	19	One Playmate	23
Good Friend, A	10	Optimist, An	12
Good Plan, A	13	Practice Does n't	
Greetings	22	Make Perfect	15
Guess	18	Puzzler, A	14
Hard Task, A	14	Queer Papa, A	22
I'd Like to Be	26	Question, A	9
Labor Question, A	13	Scholar, A	20

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Sleepy-Head, A.....	17	Sweet Tooth, A.....	17
Song of the Shell, The	23	Tit for Tat.....	14
Source of Trouble, A..	11	Warning, A.....	16
Student, A.....	11	Wise Thought, A.....	12
Sweet Dream, A.....	13	Wish, A.....	21

PIECES FOR GIRLS

Alas for Dolly.....	29	Opinions Differ.....	34
Best Friend, The.....	31	Papa's Girl.....	28
Contrast, The.....	35	Penalty, The.....	29
Difference of Opinion.	33	Poor Dolly.....	37
Dollies.....	34	Poor May.....	28
Economy.....	29	Prettiest Eyes, The...	36
Excuse, An.....	33	Same Doll, The.....	28
Gift, A.....	30	Style.....	32
Good Example, A....	29	Stylish.....	37
Good Friend, A.....	31	Substitute, A.....	37
Hard Luck.....	36	Successful Mother, A.	31
Her Choice.....	27	Timely Suggestion, A.	30
Just Me.....	38	Too Busy.....	33
Lady of Title, A.....	27	Wise Edith.....	30
Mamma's Girl.....	27	Young Cook, A.....	35
Modern Fairies.....	30	Young Housekeeper, A	35
Old Friends Are Best.	32	Young M. D., A.....	28

PIECES FOR BOYS

Almost a Man.....	42	Best, The.....	39
Ambition.....	48	Best of All, The.....	39
Bedtime Bravery.....	41	Billy's Plan.....	39

CONTENTS

5

	PAGE		PAGE
Boy's Conclusion, A...	41	Good Prospect, A....	40
Boy's Wish, A.....	40	Hard Luck.....	43
Boy Wanted.....	46	His Choice.....	41
Brave Boy, A.....	49	His Opinion.....	42
Busy Boy, A.....	45	His Very Own.....	50
Contradiction, A.....	41	Knowledge.....	43
Different View-Points.	44	One Exception.....	46
Don't.....	48	Reformer, A.....	40, 48
Dreadful Possibility, A	47	Rivalry.....	42
Expert, An.....	47	Ted's Choice.....	45
Explanation, The.....	46	Tell-Tale, The.....	44
Family Doctor, The..	50	Too Much of a Good	
Family Resemblance..	44	Thing.....	42
Father's Helper.....	40	Unhappy Age, An....	43
Fisherman, A.....	40	Young Diplomat, A...	39
Good Investment, A..	49	Young Financier, A...	43

PIECES FOR THANKSGIVING

Bobby's Decision.....	54	Thankful Boy, A.....	52
Day After, The.....	51	Thankless Children...	53
Great Convenience, A.	51	Thanksgiving.....	56
Jamie's Lesson.....	52	Thanksgiving Is Best.	54
Papa's Share.....	53	Truly Thankful.....	52
Surprise, A.....	51	We Thank Thee.....	55
Thankful.....	51		

PIECES FOR CHRISTMAS

Alteration, An.....	64	Child's Hardship, A..	62
Best of All, The.....	58	Christmas Tree, The..	61

	PAGE		PAGE
Comforting Thought, A	60	Resolution, A	57
Considerate Boy, A	58	Santa at Home	65
Day for All, The	58	Santa's Abode	66
Dreadful Threat, A	62	Santa's Helpers— <i>The</i>	
Holly Tree, The	60	<i>Fairies</i>	70
How Could I Tell	63	Santa's Helpers— <i>The</i>	
In Danger	57	<i>Brownies</i>	71
Jack Frost's Tree	64	Santa's Present	67
King's Birthday, The	65	Shrewd Choice, A	63
Lament, A	57	Solution, A	63
Lassie's Wishes	69	Waiting	57
Long Ago	59	Warning, A	61
Modest Desire, A	61	Watching for Santa	68
One Exception	59	Why	58
One Time, The	59		

PIECES FOR SPECIAL DAYS

Boy's Patriotism, A	74	New Year	73
Cupid's Messenger	74	Offer, An	73
Five Guesses	77	Small Patriots	75
Labor Day	73	Trees, The	76
May Day	75	Washington's Birthday	74
Months, The	78	What a Boy May Be	74

PIECES ON NATURE

Airships	82	Buttercups	81
Autumn	82	Contrasts	87
Awakening, The	85	Daisy, The	82
Better Plan, A	82	Jack Frost's Friends	83

CONTENTS

7

	PAGE		PAGE
Jewels	84	Spring Thought, A...	87
Katy-did	81	Spring-Time	85
Little Artist, A.....	81	Sweet Message, A....	86
Plan for Winter, A...	83	Ted's Mistake.....	88
Shower, A.....	86	Tom's Choice.....	84
Signs of Spring.....	86	Whip-poor-will	81
Song of Summer, A...	84	Winds, The	85
Spring Suits.....	85	Wool Preferred.....	82

Best Primary Recitations

PIECES FOR EVERY DAY

A QUESTION

If you had a piece to speak
And didn't remember what to say,
What could you do but sit right down?
I think I shall — good day!

NOT SO BAD

I was awful 'fraid to speak —
But it's lots of fun!
First thing you know, you've started;
Next thing you know, you've done.

A DRAWBACK

Behind my ear I put my pencil,
My pen I take and hold it tight,
I make the selfsame scratchy noises,
But the folks can't read what I write!

A BETTER WAY

When I am big, I think I'll keep
A little candy store;
And instead of "Where's your penny?"
I'll say "Please take some more!"

THE BRIGHTEST LIGHT

The electric light is brightest,
I've often heard it said;
But I know of something brighter—
The stars, when I bumped my head!

A DISAPPOINTMENT

I thought, when babies came,
That they were always new;
But ours has lost his teeth,
And his hair is worn off too.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY

I'd just hate nasty medicine,
If it weren't for Sister Grace.
It's worth taking my own dose,
To see her make a face!

A GOOD FRIEND

When I ask the folks to play with me,
They say, "Yes, dear, when my work is done."
But old Rover barks right off,
"All right, let's go for a run!"

MOTHER'S LOVE

Most of the folks seem to like me
When I'm dressed up and clean ;
But mother likes me not only then,
But all the times between.

A SOURCE OF TROUBLE

They say Cousin Ned is *so* good!
And learns his lessons *so* well!
But —
That boy gets me into more trouble
Than I can begin to tell!

THE BEST OF ALL

From the north to the south,
From the east to the west,
My mamma's the sweetest,
My papa's the best.

A STUDENT

I have a dozen sharp pencils,
A primer and a rule —
I'm sure I'll always get "hundreds"
When I start going to school.

[Holds articles mentioned well in view]

DISCOURAGED

I wash and wash and wash my hands,
Till sometimes I think, oh dear!
I'd be glad to wash one whole day
If then I could quit a year.

DUMB ANIMALS

Our old tabby had a concert,
And Rover a party, last night;
I think calling them *dumb* animals
Is very far from right.

AN OPTIMIST

They all tell you such fine stories,
And give you such good things to eat,
That it seems just like a party,
And being sick cannot be beat.

A FINGER STORY

An army of ten little soldiers,
Ten little servants to do my work —
Ten little soldiers must learn to obey,
Ten little servants must learn not to shirk.

[Hands, with outstretched fingers held up, with palms toward audience]

A WISE THOUGHT

Grandpa gave me a bank,
Just like sister Jenny's —
Guess I'd better save nickels,
For I get mostly pennies.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT

Only yesterday I was seven —
But I am growing fine!
To-day's my birthday and I'm eight,—
Pretty soon I'll be nine!

A GOOD PLAN

Since I have had my little piece,
I guess I've had to say
It over and over and over
'Most seventy times a day.

But now I'm getting pretty tired,
And don't know what to do.
I guess I'd best forget that piece —
Say, don't you?

A SWEET DREAM

Right soon after I went to sleep last night,
I had such a lovely dream —
I was using a snow-shovel for a spoon
And the snow was all ICE CREAM!

A LABOR QUESTION

They always make little folks speak,
While the big folks sit and stare.
Now, if *you* * should do the hard work,
Wouldn't it be much more fair?

[*Points down at audience]

NOT APPROPRIATE

“Come, Will, the early bird catches the worm,”
Father always says, when he calls me;
But I can't see what difference that makes,
For I'm not a bird, you see.

THE FIRST DAY

The first day I went to school,
I fell asleep quite soon ;
And 'fore long teacher waked me,
And said that it was noon.

A HARD TASK

It's easy for big folks to be good,
(And if they aren't, no one can scold).
But it's just awful hard to be good,
When you're only five years old!

TIT FOR TAT

When the big folks begin to whisper,
They always tell me to run away.
I think it would sometimes come handy,
If *I* could send *them* off to play.

A PUZZLER

I'll tell you one of the things
That I've never understood —
Why is it so easy to be bad,
And so hard to be good?

BABY'S FLOWERS

Roses are in our baby's cheeks,
And violets in her eyes ;
The tulips are her dear little mouth,
The forget-me-nots are her cries.

ODD, INDEED!

Mother is always hunting dirt,
On the windows and the floors.
It seems queer to hunt in the house
When there is so much outdoors.

LAST AND LEAST

(For a very small child)

My piece is as small as I am,
But, being last, that is all right —
We thank you for coming to hear us,
And now wish you all “Good-Night!”

PRACTICE DOES N'T MAKE PERFECT

I've said my piece 'most a thousand times,
To Auntie Nell and Uncle Ned;
I've said it early in the morning,
And just before I went to bed.

Why — I can't remember it now!
I guess I'll make my little bow.

[Last lines hurriedly]

THE MAGIC SOUND

George never hears his mother,
When she asks him to bring wood.
He never hears his grandma,
When she tells him to be good.

He never hears his teacher speak —
And, indeed, I can tell
Only one thing that he hears,
And that's the dinner-bell!

ONE EXCEPTION

They told me to stand up straight,
And how to hold my hands,
And said, "Speak up loudly, Jimmy,
So every one understands."

They told me over and over;
I practiced it each day,
And have n't forgotten a thing —
Except what I was to say.

A WARNING

Our kitty has a wee bell,
That's tied on a ribbon blue,
So wherever kitty goes,
A tinkling noise goes too.

And, if our jam disappears
(As of late it seems to do),
Mother says that *I* must wear
A bell on a ribbon too.

A SWEET TOOTH

I'd like some bread with sugar,—
Lots and lots to make it white,
So it crunches in your mouth,
Whenever you take a bite.

But, if the bread should be stale,
Or, if it's too much trouble,
You need n't mind 'bout the bread,
Just make the sugar double.

ONE ADVANTAGE

I'm the oldest of us children,
And it's awful hard on me.
They always expect so much of you,
When you're the oldest, don't you see?

But, though there are hard things about it,
It's not as bad as you'd suppose.
There is one thing that makes up for it—
I never wear "handed-down" clothes.

A SLEEPY-HEAD

When I get sleepy after supper,
I shut one eye and then the other,
And bite my tongue to keep awake,
And go to bed late, like big brother.

But, sometimes both my eyes get sticky,
And then, you see, “bob” goes my head,
And nary a thing do I know,
Till mamma calls, “Get out of bed!”

GUESS

We have something at our house
That’s soft and rosy and small.
I really don’t believe
It’s more than just so tall.

[Shows with hands]

It sleeps and sleeps all day.
Did you say a baby? Why, yes.
Of course it is a baby,
But how did you ever guess?

A MISFORTUNE

Some folks are very lucky,—
Just like my cousin, Jim—
Whatever ’t is that comes around,
It never misses him.

But *I* am so unlucky,
I cannot catch a thing,
And never miss a school-day,
In winter, fall, or spring.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED

They say baby was an angel,
But she can't talk or walk about.
It used to seem quite queer,
But now I've thought it out.

It's 'cause the angels always sing,
That's why she cannot talk.
It's 'cause they're always flying,
That's why she cannot walk.

A NEW METHOD

I do not mind reading and writing,
And I like numbers pretty well,
But I always have an awful time
When I try to learn to spell.

So I taught my lesson to kitty,
Though she couldn't have understood;
But, I guess it helped kitty's teacher,
For my paper came back marked "good."

GOOD EXAMPLES

They've told me how the pussy-cat
Always washes her face,
And how the chicken, looking up,
Never forgets its grace.

And how the birds all get up early,
Until it makes me mad.
I'm sure the reason why *they're* good,
Is 'cause they *can't* be bad.

A COMPARISON

My little kitty can walk,
And my little puppy, too;
And even though they're babies,
Give a tiny bark and mew.

But little baby brother
Does nothing but eat and grow.
I really hate to think it —
But I'm afraid our baby's slow!

A SCHOLAR

When I was a little fellow,
A very long time ago,
I had to study in the primer
Little, easy words like "so."

But now I'm big and do not read
About "dog" and "cat" and "cow,"
I've learned almost all there is to learn —
I'm in first reader now!

A WISH

Sometimes I wish I might be big,
Like mamma and Aunt Sue,
And, then again, I'd be little —
I think that'd be fine, don't you?

In the mornings, when there was work to do,
I'd be little and not work at all;
But in the afternoons, when all was done,
I'd go out and make a call.

AN ANSWER

Once I asked a little bee
Where he got his honey,
And why he kept on working
When it was hot and sunny;

And what he did in winter.
But he wouldn't say a thing,
And the answer that he gave me
Was just a horrid sting.

A LITTLE WEATHER-MAN

Teacher says that sunshine
Is no better than the showers,
That both the sun and rain
Are needed for the flowers.

BEST PRIMARY RECITATIONS

Of course, it must be true,
For she is almost always right;
But I'd like the sun for daytime
And the showers to wait till night.

A QUEER PAPA

The jolly old sun is their father,
And their mother the silvery moon,
And after the sunset fades,
The star children come out soon.

But don't you think he's a queer father,
To forever keep running away,
Whenever his wife and children
Come into the sky to stay?

GREETINGS

The buttercups among the grass
Say "Good morning" as I pass,
And daisies nodding with the dew
Seem to say, "How-do-you-do?"

Mother says that, like the flowers,
Children should smile through the hours,
And with their pleasant faces greet
All-whom on their way they meet.

THE SONG OF THE SHELL

Near where I played last summer,
 'Way down beside the sea,
I found this pretty sea-shell
 That sings a song to me.

I wonder if a mermaid,
 A-floating in the sea,
Sang the song into the shell
 The green waves brought to me?

ONE PLAYMATE

My brother Ben is only twelve,
 But he's too big to play with me;
He throws the balls all up too high,
 Farther up than I can see.

Sister Helen will play a while,
 But very soon I see her look,
(When she thinks that I don't see her)
 Into her old story book.

Father wants to read the paper,
 And mother has fancy work to do —
Of all our folks only grandma
 Is young enough to play with you.

A CHILD'S IDEA

What do they do in the houses
Where no little children live?
When things get lost and broken,
What excuses can they give?

How can they go to the circus,
If not "For the children's sake?"
Who, there, runs all the errands,
And the crusts of bread will take?

They say children are a bother —
And I suppose it's true;
But I should think that some folks
Would be glad for one or two.

MOTHER'S TURN

We have a dear baby at our house,
With eyes as blue as the sky.
I just love to play with him —
Until he begins to cry.

Uncle John, too, plays with baby,
He tosses him way up high,
And rides him on his shoulder —
Until he begins to cry.

Aunt Edna likes to dress the baby,
And his little blue bows tie.
She calls him "Darling baby"—
Until he begins to cry.

We all of us love little baby
When he laughs and crows — but, oh my!
You ought to see us give him to mamma
When he begins to cry.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Girl I could have more to eat,
And make lots more noise,
And not always be so tidy,
If I were one of the boys.

But when it's dark at night,
Close up to mamma I can curl,
And need n't make believe I'm brave —
Because *I am a girl*.

Boy I could have a heap of clothes,
And my hair in curls;
They wouldn't always hush me up,
If I were one of the girls.

But only dolls and kittens!
And no base-ball! No, sir!
I'd rather have two boys' lickings,
Than be a girl — like her!

I'D LIKE TO BE

First Child I'd like to be a doctor,
With a carriage and a horse.
But getting up at night
Is n't fun, of course.

Second It's fun to play I'm grandpa,
And carry a long cane,
But I'm glad that, when I want to,
I can be a boy again.

Third It's fun to play I'm teacher
And say, "Now stand in line!"
But if I had to be all day,
It would n't be so fine.

All It's fun to play "grown-up,"
With grown-up cares and joys,
But it's really best to be
Just little girls and boys.

PIECES FOR GIRLS

HER CHOICE

My papa has a lot of books,
And says that they are fine;
But I wouldn't take them all
For one with pictures, like mine.

[Holds open book containing large colored pictures]

MAMMA'S GIRL

I can't make music like Clara,
And my hair won't ever curl,
But my mamma loves me best
Because I'm *her* little girl.

A LADY OF TITLE

The big folks all say "*Baby*" Ruth
'Stead of "Miss," as they've been told.
Just think of saying "baby"
To a lady five years old!

THE SAME DOLL

Dorothy May's body is new,
And even her head's not the same.
There's nothing left of my old dolly
Except the dear child's name.

[Holds doll]

PAPA'S GIRL

Papa says I may sit in his lap,
Until my feet will touch the floor;
But if I hold my knees way up,
I can make it a few years more!

[A little girl sits in a chair while reciting and draws up knees
at end of third line]

POOR MAY

When I pull a daisy I always say,
"May's good, May's bad, May's good, May's
bad,"
But, no matter which way I begin it,
It always comes out, "May's bad."

A YOUNG M. D.

I'm learning to be a doctor,
And I'm a good one too!
I cured dolly's measles in a day,
Her whooping-cough in two.

ECONOMY

I don't need shoes — I could go barefoot.
Nor hats — they always hang by the string.
If mamma would save some money that way,
She could easily buy me a ring.

ALAS FOR DOLLY

I went to a funeral yesterday,
But you need n't look so sad —
I just buried my dolly for an hour,
Because she had been bad.

THE PENALTY

I showed mamma how I could dust
Every speck away ;
But, alas, now I must show her
Almost every day !

A GOOD EXAMPLE?

Mamma takes wee, little stitches,
While I take great big ones — so !
She would get done lots faster
If she sewed my way, I know.

[Takes long irregular stitches in a piece of cloth while reciting]

A GIFT

I asked mamma the nicest thing
That little girls can do.
She told me 't was baking kisses —
Here's one I baked for you.

[Blows kiss at audience]

MODERN FAIRIES

They say fairies wore wings on their shoulders,
When they danced in the old flower-beds;
Nowadays little girls are fairies,
But we wear our wings on our heads.

[Touches large ribbon bows on each side of head]

WISE EDITH

When I play tea-party mother says,
“My little girl may have what she wishes.”
But I always just make-believe eat,
So it'll be make-believe wash the dishes.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION

I've told the folks I want a doll,
And I tell you all the same.
If someone cannot take a hint,
I surely sha n't be to blame.

A GOOD FRIEND

When I told brother a secret,
He told mother that very day;
When I told *her* papa's present,
She told him right away.

So now, when I've a secret,
I tell my dearest Kitty Cole;
And kitty softly says, "Meouw! Meouw!"
And never tells a soul.

THE BEST FRIEND

I'd rather have my dolly,
Than any girl I know,
For when I'm tired of company,
I can put her down — just so.

[Lays doll upon chair]

And, if I forget all about her,
She will never sulk or cry;
But will be smiling just as sweetly,
When I want her bye-and-bye.

A SUCCESSFUL MOTHER

Mamma says that raising children
Is very hard to do;
But I can do it very well,
Though to me the work is new.

My dolly is a better child
Than any girl I know —
She sits up straight and folds her hands
And always stays just so.

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST

My old doll's name is Susan,
My new one's is Marie.
My old one's dressed in calico,
The new in white, you see.

[Holds up doll]

But, when I go to bed at night,
And it's dark as dark can be,
I think my dear old Susan
Will be the doll for me.

STYLE

When my dolly was new,
She had long brown hair.
I curled and I combed it
And fixed it with care.

The way that I liked it best,
A "Marcel" was called;
But I fixed it so often
Poor dolly grew bald.

[Holds "bald" doll]

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

When I put dolly to sleep,
I hold her feet up high,
And she goes off right away
Without the smallest cry.

And, if it works with dolly,
It would for baby too;
But mother's so old-fashioned
She thinks it wouldn't do.

[Little girl holds doll as she recites]

AN EXCUSE

I meant to dress my Anna May
In the very latest style,
But I found to make such clothes
Would take an awful while.

I'd have to cut and baste and stitch,
And so to make plain,—
A blanket is just as healthful,
And won't make the dear child vain.

TOO BUSY

My doll's-house is upset for cleaning,
My poor dolls have nothing to wear.
I am just so awfully busy
I haven't a minute to spare.

BEST PRIMARY RECITATIONS

I look at that house, all upset,
And my sewing piled so high,
Then I walk out and shut the door
And go to watch mamma make pie.

DOLLIES

Here's my finest dolly,—
She lives in a box on the shelf,
She's way up in the world—
You can see that for yourself!

But in the big chair beside me,
Like a birdie in its nest,
Is my poor, dear rag dolly,—
She's the one I love the best!

[Two chairs, one on each side of little girl. In one a fine doll. In the other several small dolls. She holds up the rag doll at the end]

OPINIONS DIFFER

My mother says cake and candy
Are both very bad for me;
That I can't have pie or pudding,
And must drink milk 'stead of tea.

But to me it seems quite foolish,
No matter what doctors say,
For I feed them all to dolly,
And she's never sick a day.

THE CONTRAST

When Brother Will breaks anything,
Or makes an awful noise,
Some one is sure to smile and say,
“Well! boys will be boys.”

But if *I* have an accident,
Or scream, when they pull my curls,
I get scolded and no one says,
“Well, girls will be girls!”

A YOUNG COOK

When I helped mother get dinner,
Hot fat flew in my eyes,
And I burnt all my fingers
When I took out the pies.

Father laughed at me and said,
When he saw how I looked:
“I see it was not the *dinner*
But the cook that was cooked.”

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER

I went to market this morning,
And I bought such a lot of things.
I can always tell what I want
By the color of the strings.

This pink 'll do for dolly's necklace,
This green one her sash will be.
You ask me what's in my bundles —
Why, I never looked to see!

[Several small packages in a chair or on the floor. Child holds up one after another as she recites]

HARD LUCK

Mother says that I must n't tease,
And I must n't muss my hair,
That I must n't lose my ribbons,
An I must n't ever stare.

I must n't walk in the puddles —
And so it goes every day!
There are many things you must n't
And very few you may.

THE PRETTIEST EYES

What color of eyes are the prettiest?
My Uncle Bob says, "blue."
And Aunt Harriet says, "big black ones,"
And brother thinks so too.
But *I'm* sure mother's are prettiest.
I know you'd all think so.
Now what color are mother's eyes?
Why — I — why — I — do n't know!

A SUBSTITUTE

They asked me if I would speak a piece,
But I was scared as I could be,
So they said that I might hold dolly
While she made the speech for me.

[Pause. Girl looking into doll's face.]

Oh dear! Dolly's forgotten her piece,
And she does n't know any other.
Poor dolly is bashful too, I guess,
Just like her little mother.

STYLISH

I s'pose you think my dolls are funny,
Though you're too polite to smile.
You think China ones are better,
'Cause they're big and last a while.

But paper ones don't grow old-fashioned.
Each day I cut a pile;
So you see my dolls are always
In the *very latest style*.

[Child holds string of paper dolls]

POOR DOLLY

I cannot wash my Mary Jane,
Because her body's made of clay;
Nor Susan May Cornelia,
Because she's stuffed with hay.

So when one of them gets dirty,
And I can't wash her as I should,
I give the bath to Liza Ann,
'Cause she is made of wood!

JUST ME

I have "my papa's eyes,"
I have my "mamma's hair,"
My dimples are "like my auntie's,"
My hands are "those of Grandma Dare."

I have my "uncle's chin,"
I have my "mamma's walk,"
And "you would know whose child she was,
If you only heard her talk."

It really is quite shocking!
So I look in the glass to see
If there is n't just one little piece
That's like no one but me!

PIECES FOR BOYS

A YOUNG DIPLOMAT

I asked for a nickel, when they promised
A quarter, if I'd behave.
But I'd rather have a nickel to spend
Than a half dollar to save!

BILLY'S PLAN

There are so few things that you may,
And so many you must n't do,
That, first, I do the things I may
And then what I must n't, too.

THE BEST

I have engines, drums, and soldiers —
Oh, every kind of toy!
But the nicest thing to play with
Is a *real, live boy*.

THE BEST OF ALL

Their automobiles turn turtle,
And their air-ships always fall.
I guess my little express-wagon
Just about beats them all.

FATHER'S HELPER

I'm just as tired as I can be,
Though I am pretty strong.
I had to re-plant papa's beans,
For every one came up wrong.

A FISHERMAN

Father laughs when I fish in the rain barrel,
Laughs and chuckles, "Well, well, well!"
But mother says my fish stories
Are as good as those he can tell.

A BOY'S WISH

Auntie gave me a silver quarter —
Ladies don't understand boys.
I'd rather have twenty-five pennies —
They would make a lot more noise.

A GOOD PROSPECT

I'm going to be a lawyer,
And I've heard mamma say
That I ought to make a good one,
For I can talk all day.

A REFORMER

When I am big and raise children,
They'll be happy as can be,
With candy and cake for breakfast,
Ice-cream for dinner and tea.

BEDTIME BRAVERY

About bears and snakes and lions,
I'm as brave as brave can be;
But going up alone to bed,
Is a little too much for me.

[First two lines said loudly and with emphasis. Last lines said slowly and softly]

HIS CHOICE

Mother and Nell like chocolates,
Rob eats bon-bons till he gets sick,
But I know what will beat them all —
It's taffy-on-a-stick!

[Brings taffy from behind him and exhibits it at conclusion of the piece]

A CONTRADICTION

My teacher says, "Johnnie's a good boy —
He's *worked* and *worked* all day."
But mamma says, "Be a good boy,
Now, run away and *play*."

A BOY'S CONCLUSION

Mother takes one piece of candy,
Father says two are enough to eat;
But I'd like to have half a box full.
I guess *all* my teeth are "sweet."

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

I don't like mashed potato,
So I eat it fast as I can.
Then father says, "Why, he likes it,
Here is some more, little man!"

HIS OPINION

Girls all want ribbons and sashes;
Boys want a sword and a gun.
Being a girl must be awful;
But being a boy is fun.

RIVALRY

I cannot play the big boys' games,
I cannot count their scores;
But I can make a noise as big
As — ALL — OUT — DOORS!

[Last three words shouted]

ALMOST A MAN

To-day, I went to school alone.
They say I'm awful brave.
Guess I must be almost a man —
'Fore long I'll have to shave!

KNOWLEDGE

You big folks know many things —
Many things more than I do;
But 'bout what's in my pocket *
I know much more than you do.

[* Slaps a bulging pocket]

HARD LUCK

I have to mind all the big folks,
As well as father and mother;
But it's piling it on, to say,
“Come, Willie, mind your baby brother!”

AN UNHAPPY AGE

When I want to suck my thumb,
“Oh, you're too big a boy,” they say;
But, when I want to light the fire,
It's, “You're too little!” right away.

A YOUNG FINANCIER

I saved up a lot of money,
Just enough my bank to fill.
Half of it I spent for candy,
And half for the doctor's bill.

FAMILY RESEMBLANCE

When I've been as good as gold,
I hear my mainma say,
"Willie is like my family.
He surely is a 'Day!'"

But when I've been real naughty,
She says, "It's easily seen,
Willie is like his father,
He surely is a 'Green.'" "

DIFFERENT VIEW-POINTS

Ma can't see why I need ten pockets,
And why I have so many strings,
Nor why I carry ten-penny nails,
And lots of pointed things.

"Why don't I carry a handkerchief?"
She questions and questions—but then
There's no use in explaining it—
Women can't understand us men.

THE TELL-TALE

"A little birdie" tells mother,
When I have been stealing jam,
And father says, when I'm bad in school.
"A little bird told me, Sam."

I have looked in all sorts of places,
But I never can see —
Let alone think of catching,
The bird that tells on me.

A BUSY BOY

I have to hunt for Grandpa's specks,
Because he cannot see;
And run upstairs for Grandma,
Because it hurts her knee.

With all the errands for our folks,
I don't know what I'll do.
It seems to me *I'll* have to get
Something the matter, too.

TED'S CHOICE

All of our folks like a city home
When there's lots of cold and snow,
And the country in the hottest months,
When it's green and the breezes blow.

But give me the country in winter,
When there are no chores to do,
And the city in the summer-time,
When all the schools are through.

BOY WANTED

I'd like a boy to take the blame
For everything I do,
And, whenever I am very bad,
To take my whippings too.

But the boys I know do n't care to,
And so I think it wise,
To do like other business men —
I'll have to advertise.

ONE EXCEPTION

I'm so very fond of water,
When it's summer, to sail a ship,
Or when it has turned to ice in winter,
And I skate with never a slip.

Later on, when I'm a man,
I'll be a sailor, I hope.
You see, I like water in every way,
Except in a basin with soap.

THE EXPLANATION

My Uncle Richard was always good —
Father was a model boy —
And my Uncle Thomas says that he
Was always his mother's joy.

I've often wondered how that could be,—
But I've come to think that then
There could n't have been real boys like me,
But just little cut-down men.

A DREADFUL POSSIBILITY

Father stood me in a door-way,
Took a ruler and made a line,
Then he looked at mother and said,
“Willie's just two feet and nine.”

Then to me he gave the ruler,
And for a week I've been going;
But always it measures the same —
Do you s'pose I've stopped growing?

AN EXPERT

When I tried to be a carpenter,
It was awful hard on chairs;
And, when I was an acrobat,
I fell all the way downstairs.

So, now, I am a detective,
And I'm getting along first rate.
I can detect the smell of cookies
As far off as the gate.

DO N'T

I wish there were a place
Where boys like I could go ;
Where mammas and papas would say " Yes "
Instead of always " No."

It's " do n't this," and " do n't that,"
Till you do n't know where you're at.
The only " do n't " I've never heard said,
Is " Do n't — now, do n't go to bed!"

AMBITION

Ma says I'm to be a minister,
Father says a lawyer bright,
Uncle says a doctor,—
And so it goes, day and night.

Sister Nell says a brave sailor,
Or a soldier with swords and sashes ;
But *I* mean to drive the wagon
That goes collecting ashes.

A REFORMER

S'pose you think curls are pretty —
Most folks I know seem to.
They pat them and they pull them
And they beg for one or two.

But when I'm a big lawyer,
I'll do the best I can
To have them make a law:
Straight hair for every man.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

I have just the finest horse,
He can gallop fast all day,
With never a stop to rest,
Nor a bit of oats or hay.

His stable is in my playroom,
But now you've guessed, of course,
That this tireless steed of mine,
Is my dear old hobby-horse.

A BRAVE BOY

I'm not afraid to go to bed,
All alone in the dark;
Neither do I cover my head
When some old dog does bark.

I'm just as brave as any man,
Though I'm only four —
When I'm sure mother's waiting
Just outside the door.

[Last two lines spoken in a sort of whisper]

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Billy Jones' folks have a fine doctor,
He can beat ours by a mile.
When Billy gets nervous and sickish,
He says, "Keep him from school for awhile."

But when I've a pain or a headache
And our doctor comes, you know,
He says, "Much less candy and sweet things,
And to bed before eight you must go."

HIS VERY OWN

I've made believe I had grandpa's gout,
When any one touched me, my, I'd howl!
I've made believe I had papa's headache
And tied my head in a towel.

I've played with Uncle Ben's crutches,
As if I could n't stand alone;
But the day I ate green apples,
I had a stomach-ache *all my own*.

PIECES FOR THANKSGIVING

A SURPRISE

They held the wish-bone tightly,
They pulled on it with a will,
Each wished to get the longer piece,
But, instead, each got — a spill.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE

I'm not so very high,
Nor yet so very wide;
But when it's pie- or turkey-time,
I'm mighty big inside!

THANKFUL

I'm thankful for turkey,
I'm thankful for pickle —
If I say this piece,
Papa'll give me a nickel.

THE DAY AFTER

Some mammas are very strange!
Do you know, I've heard mine say
She's so glad the cooking's over,
That Friday is *her* Thanksgiving Day!

A THANKFUL BOY

I'm thankful for lessons.
I'm thankful for fun.
I'm thankful, just now,
That my piece is done.

TRULY THANKFUL

Little Ruth went round the table,
Standing on wee tip-toe,
Seeing the big brown turkey,
And empty plates all in a row.

She thanked the good old gobbler,
She thanked the pumpkin-vine too;
For she knew what Thanksgiving meant.
Now I wonder if you do, too?

JAMIE'S LESSON

Just a tiny piece, hanging over the edge —
And pie-crust is not tidy — hanging over the edge.
Just a little taste of pumpkin, sweet within —
It's awfully hard to stop, when you once begin.
Very soon a great big hole was made in pie and crust!
Just think — when mamma sees it — and, of course,
she must!

Next day, at Jamie's place stood that tell-tale pie;
Other folks had turkey — Jamie had — *all that pie!*

THANKLESS CHILDREN

Fred said his dinner was too hot;
May, that the chicken was too old.
Frank's piece of pie was far too small,
While baby's ice-cream was too cold.

And so all the day they grumbled,
Not a pleasant word did they say:
Not one word of thanks was given
On that Thanksgiving Day.

PAPA'S SHARE

Ned wants a "piece of white,"
Auntie says, "some dark,"
Belle says, "a piece of breast,"
And Bessie claims "the heart."

Freddie wants "a drumstick,"
Nellie says, "a wing,"
Uncle says, "Oh, some of each,"
Mamma says, "most anything."

So papa carved the chicken,
Did it just first rate.
Gave to each of them his choice,
And papa had — the plate!

BOBBY'S DECISION

Last Easter I got a wee chicken,
The dearest little yellow ball;
And they said if I took care of him,
He 'd be ready to kill by Fall.

So I got him fat for Thanksgiving,
But he's much too nice to eat.
Our family 'll have to be thankful
For just every-day roast meat.

THANKSGIVING IS BEST

For Four Children

First Child

Some folks like Christmas —
Well, of course, so do I.

Second

Some folks like Easter,
With lots of eggs to dye.

Third

We all like Decoration Day —
All of us girls and boys.

Fourth

Every one likes the Fourth —
Especially the noise.

Fifth

But give me Thanksgiving Day,
When to grandpa's we go,
And grandma says, "Oh, let him eat!
Eating makes him grow."

WE THANK THEE

For Four Children

First Child

Thy name, dear God, to-day we praise,
For many pleasant, happy days.

Second

We thank Thee for the soft spring showers;
We thank Thee for the summer flowers.

Third

We thank thee for the bright fall leaves,
And for the wheat in golden sheaves.

Fourth

We thank Thee for the winter snow,
For Christ, who came so long ago.

All

And now together we do say,
"We thank Thee" on Thanksgiving Day.

THANKSGIVING

For Twelve Children

[Children hold large letters behind them and bring them out when reciting their part and retain them in this position. When the last speaks, they all bow and retire]

First Child **T** is for turkey — nice and brown.

Second **H** is for hunger, that helps it down.

Third **A** is for apples red and round.

Fourth **N** is for nuts all over the ground.

Fifth **K** is for kisses my mamma gives me.

Sixth **S** is for snow, I want to see.

Seventh **G** is for grace before we eat.

Eighth **I** is for ice-cream cold and sweet.

Ninth **V** is for verses we are saying.

Tenth **I** is for ice and lots of sleighing.

Eleventh **N** is for November, the month with us now.

Twelfth **G** is for “Good Bye,” so we shall all bow.

PIECES FOR CHRISTMAS

A RESOLUTION

I've learned there are no fairies,
And there's no Jack Frost, they say,
But I'm going to believe in Santa
Until I am old and gray.

IN DANGER

The other boys want to grow big;
But I'm sure I do n't, because
I'm afraid that I might get too big
To believe in Santa Claus.

A LAMENT

Same old Christmas stockings!
Same old Santa too!
When you're old as I am
There is nothing new.

WAITING

We must always wait for the best things,
Like stories, till bed-time is near.
I wonder if that is the reason
That Christmas comes late in the year?

A CONSIDERATE BOY

I've found a horn and rocking-horse
And a cow-boy suit for me;
But when they give me my presents,
I'll be s'prised as I can be!

WHY?

I have a new mouth-organ,
A tin horn and a drum.
I wonder why mamma wishes
"Christmas would never come?"

THE BEST OF ALL

It is n't the Christmas dinner,
Or seeing the presents on the tree;
But the hunting, and smelling, and guessing,
That's the best of Christmas to me!

THE DAY FOR ALL

Election Day is for fathers,
And Bargain Day for mothers.
Dollies are for the little girls,
And tops are for their brothers.

Some things are only for big folks,
And some things are just for small;
But I'm sure we're glad as can be
That Christmas is for all.

ONE EXCEPTION

I often forget and say "ain't"
And always "best" for "better."
Teacher says she thinks I have
A *very* good forgetter.

But in spite of all I forget,
There's one thing I remember,
And that's the date that Christmas comes —
The *twenty-fifth of December*.

[Last line shouted]

THE ONE TIME

I don't like folks to stop talking,
Whenever I come near;
And, if I ask a question,
To say, "Never mind, my dear."

Unless it is just around Christmas,
When I don't care what they've said,
Or mind being told to "run away,"
Nor even going to bed.

LONG AGO

I should like to have seen the angels,
As they came floating through the air,
I should like to have seen the shepherds,
As they knelt by Him in prayer.

I should like to have seen the bright star
Shedding afar its light so fair,
But more should I like to have seen
The dear Baby King who was there.

A COMFORTING THOUGHT

Dear Santa Claus was very old
A great many years ago,
For in my grandma's picture-book
His hair is white as snow.

But since he looked about as old
Such a long, long time before;
I guess he'll live while I'm a child —
It's only a few years more.

THE HOLLY TREE

The holly's glossy leaves
Are green beneath the snow,
And on the darkest days
Its bright red berries glow.

The other trees are bare
And shudder in the breeze,
But they fear not the winter's storm —
The little holly trees.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

“A Christmas tree makes such a dirt,”
Mother and Grandma said.
It made me feel so dreadfully
I cried when I went to bed.

Mother heard — and, now it’s up,—
The big folks agree with me
That Christmas would n’t be Christmas,
Without any Christmas tree.

A MODEST DESIRE

I want a long sword and a pistol,
A hatchet and a gun;
And an Indian sword and head-dress
Would be a lot of fun.

A nice little toy automobile,
A sled about my size,
With anything Santa Claus would like
To give me for a surprise.

A WARNING

The Christmas presents I have bought
Are as nice as nice can be.
There’s only one bad thing about them
And that’s how well they suit me.

They are all what I have been wanting,
And just as sure as you live,
If Christmas does n't hurry up,
I'll have nothing left to give.

A CHILD'S HARDSHIP

Early on Christmas morning,
Auntie took my new doll, May,
And Uncle Tom took my sled,
And rode on it all day.

They seem to like my playthings
And are as happy as can be,
Making believe they're children;
But it's pretty hard on me.

A DREADFUL THREAT

Here's a letter from Santa Claus
That came addressed to me.
He says that children, nowadays,
Are greedy as can be;

That tin horns, and dollies, and sleds
Are no longer what they like,
But air-ships, furs and autos,
So Santa's going to strike.

[Child holds sheet of paper in hand while reciting]

A SHREWD CHOICE

Not what I get but what I give,
Will make Christmas happy for me;
That is what mamma tells us,
And I'm sure I want to be.

So I've bought my father a horn,
A fireman's cap for Sister Sue,
And a top and a sword for baby —
I guess I'll be happy — do n't you?

A SOLUTION

If your stocking was so little,
It would n't hold a base-ball bat,
And you wanted one awfully —
Say, what would you do about that?

What do you suppose that I could do?
I am sure that I do not know,—
Unless I ask Santa to pin the wrapping
Fast to the stocking's toe.

HOW COULD I TELL?

If I should close my eyes and ears,
And could n't even smell,
Somehow when Christmas came along,
I believe that I could tell.

If I did n't see the turkey,
Nor in the presents share,
I'm sure I'd know 't was Christmas —
I'd feel it in the air.

AN ALTERATION

You think my stocking's foot is funny?
Well, you see, it was so small
I was afraid that Santa's fingers
Could n't get in at all.

But now he won't have any trouble.
It is five times as big as before,
And I really should n't be surprised
If it held a little more.

[Child holds up a small stocking to which the foot of a large sock has been roughly sewn]

JACK FROST'S TREE

Far out in the deep forest,
I found a tall tree
That Jack Frost had been trimming,
As fine as could be.

It was powdered with snowflakes,
And with icicles hung,
That tinkled, "Merry Christmas!"
As in the breeze they swung.

SANTA AT HOME

Old Santa was so happy,
His big kind face was red,
And good old Mrs. Santa worked
While you were all abed.

All the lovely sleds were piled
In a heap against the wall,
And big and little dollies
Were boxed up in the hall.

For Santa Claus had promised
That each child should receive
A present this Christmas-time —
And 't was almost Christmas Eve.

So good old Santa pounded;
Good Mrs. Santa sewed;
Sleds, dollies, drums, and candy —
It was a tremendous load.

Now listen! Go to sleep to-night,
Do n't peep a single peep,
For Santa is due at *your* house
When you are fast asleep.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

'T was not in palace royal,
That came the great King's birth;
But angel hosts did herald
The tidings o'er all the earth.

Upon the hay in a manger,
Must lay the baby's head;
But to Him by a wondrous star
Kings from afar were led.

He was but a helpless baby,
But to Him the Father gave
Pardon for sin-lost millions,
And a life beyond the grave.

Full reverently we keep Thy day,
Thy birthday, oh, our King!
And, as of old, we offer gifts
And gladsome carols sing.

SANTA'S ABODE

When I heard that Mr. Peary
Had really found the North Pole,
I was very much worried,—
Tho' I never told a soul!

For, you see, my books all said
That Santa lived up there,
With the seals and the reindeer,
And the great, big grizzly bear.

But Santa heard the explorers coming,
And to the South Pole hurried away,—
Then I hoped they would not find that
For many and many a day.

But even the old South Pole
Was discovered very soon,
So I suppose Santa must be living
On the dark side of the moon.

SANTA'S PRESENT

When Auntie said that Ned was sick,
Mamma only laughed a bit,
And said, "Oh, Ned is thinking—
He'll soon get over it."

Now about what, do you think, it was
That our little Ned thought?
He wondered if any one ever
Had for Santa a present bought.

So next day, the little boy took
All the money that he had,
And bought a pair of warm mittens
To make old Santa glad.

He pinned them on his stocking
With a note which he pinned on, too:
"A merry Christmas, dear Santa—
These mittens are for you."

WATCHING FOR SANTA

For Five Children

Children in concert

We're going to watch for Santa.
We're going to be sure this year.
We'll be as quiet as mice —
He'll never guess we're here.

First Child

I'll keep watch by the big front door.

[Goes and sits in chair at left]

Second

I'll watch under my bed, on the floor.

[Lies down at right]

Third

I'll keep watch by the window low.

[Goes to back of platform]

Fourth

I'll sit in mamma's chair, just so.

[Curls down in chair as if asleep]

Santa [coming in softly]

Four little children live in this house,
But I'll be as quiet as any mouse,
For, though they hide, I very well know
They all went to sleep an hour ago.

LASSIES' WISHES

For Five Girls

First Child

If Santa Claus sent me a wish,
From his castle on high,
I'd wish for a lovely big doll,
Almost as big as I

Second

If Santa Claus gave me a wish,
In my wish I would say:
"A great, big dollie's house and yard,
A dollie's coach and sleigh."

Third

If Santa Claus gave me a wish,
I'd jump right up and down,
And say, "The biggest Christmas tree
That you can find in town."

Fourth

If Santa Claus gave me a wish,
I'd not have to think a minute,
But say right off, "A great big box
With lots of candy in it."

Fifth

If Santa Claus gave me a wish,
I should not ask for dolls or toys,
But say, "Please, Santa, give the rest
To poor little girls and boys."

First Four Children [in unison]

Oh yes! That would be better,
Let's write and ask him to?

SANTA'S HELPERS

The Fairies

For Six Girls

Leader [larger child, who comes on platform and after speaking stands over to the left]

Here come the Christmas Fairies!

Dear Santa has asked them to make
Some presents for the big load
That on Christmas Eve he'll take.

First Fairy [enters at right, and takes position a little to left of center]

I help Santa when I sew.
See how fast my needles go.

[Sews carelessly on piece of cloth]

Second Fairy [enters and stands by First Fairy]

I make things for the Christmas tree.
Children could never do without me.

[Holds out tinsel, etc.]

Third Fairy [enters and stands by Second Fairy]

I make socks for the baby's feet —
Not a dropped stitch — now, isn't that neat?

[Shows little socks]

Fourth Fairy [enters and stands by Third Fairy]

I'm the sweetest fairy of them all.
I make candy canes, both large and small.

[Holds out candy canes]

Larger Child [coming on from the left]

Come, little Christmas Fairies,
You must get back to your work.
Santa Claus will never have
Little Fairies that shirk.

[Exeunt]

[A pretty but simple decoration, which pleases the children, is a straight band of heavy Manila paper or light-weight cardboard made to fit around the head, and covered with silver or gold paper with a star above the center of the forehead. The ends are fastened at back of head with a pin, or needle and thread. The crown is placed with star over forehead]

SANTA'S HELPERS.

The Brownies

For Six Boys

Leader [enters at right. After reciting moves to left, apart from others.]

We are the Christmas Brownies
And we have lots of fun ;
But Santa says we're first rate
For getting the presents done.

First Brownie

I'm the Brownie that makes your horn.
Oh my, the racket on Christmas morn !

[Holds out horn while speaking, and blows blast when done]

Second Brownie

I'm the Brownie that's full of tricks.
In little boys' stockings I put crooked sticks.

[Holds up stockings and bunch of sticks]

Third Brownie

I'm the Brownie that paints your sled.
Speak up quickly — shall it be blue or red?

[Carries small sled in his arms]

Fourth Brownie

I make your wooden sword and pasteboard gun,
To shoot wicked robbers and make bunnies run.

[Carries sword and gun of pasteboard]

Larger Boy [enters at right]

Come, come, my Brownies! You must hasten
away.

There's much work to finish — in — just — one
— day!

[Exit right after last speaker]

PIECES FOR SPECIAL DAYS

LABOR DAY

This is one of the few days
When folks from work can stay.
Now, don't you think it's queer
They call it "*Labor Day*" ?

NEW YEAR

A baby came to town last night,
And they did the queerest thing,
Instead of keeping very quiet,
They made all the bells to ring.

This dear little baby has no home,
Nor any mother, I fear.
I s'pose by this time you've guessed it —
'Twas little baby "*New Year*."

AN OFFER

Cupid has run all out of paper —
Can't make one more valentine !
So, if you folks are willing,
I'll be yours and you'll be mine.

CUPID'S MESSENGER

Cupid's postmen are so busy,
He asked me, would I please
Give out some of the valentines —
So I shall give you these.

[Tosses a handful of small red hearts toward the audience]

A BOY'S PATRIOTISM.

You ask how a boy, as small as I,
Can honor the flag that floats on high
By being always honest and true
A boy may honor the "Red, White, and Blue."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Washington was a President
And a general, so they say;
But the *very best thing* he did
Was to give us a holiday.

WHAT A BOY MAY BE

A boy can't be a general,
Nor President, of course;
He cannot fight the Indians,
Nor tame a kicking horse;
But he can have a neat copy-book
Be manly in his fun,
And as loving to his mother
As George Washington.

SMALL PATRIOTS

For Three Boys

First Boy

Stand up, boys ! Honor the red,
Hue of the blood, brave men have shed.

Second

Hats off boys ! Honor the white,
Emblem of purity, mercy and right !

Third

Cheer, boys, cheer ! Cheer for the blue !
Serve it like men, steadfast and true !

All

Wave it boys ! Wave it on high,
We'll live with it and with it die !

MAY DAY

Herald [small boy who enters on the left. Goes to middle of platform, recites and retires to right of stage]

We crown, this bright day, our Queen of May.

[Queen and escort enter from left. Escort places queen on throne in center and, standing to left, places crown upon the head of the Queen]

Escort

I give thee, fair queen, thy sweet flowery crown,
May joy bless thy reign ! May fortune ne'er
frown !

Line of Children [file in from left, pause and lay flowers at feet of the Queen, saying]:

Long live our Queen !

[They take station to right of Queen]

Queen [rises as last child reaches place in line]

The dear flowers, a sweet gentle people,
 Deserve your honor far more than your Queen ;
 Bearing God's message everywhere
 Even to far places unseen.
 Far better to be crowned beneath a green tree
 Than in a castle with many towers.
 Better than being Queen of a nation
 'T is to be Queen of the flowers.

[Queen, followed by her escort and the rest of the children, passes off stage]

THE TREES

For Five Boys

The Oak Tree

I am the oak tree.
 For years I have stood.
 Every one knows me
 As "King of the Wood."

[Holds out picture or branch]

The Cedar

I am the cedar tree.
 In winter my fruit you'll see —
 Dollies and sleds and toys !
 Oh ! how the dear children love me !

[Presents picture or bough]

The Pine

I am the pine tree,
As proud as can be
Of needles so fine
That grow upon me.

[Presents bough or picture]

The Chestnut

I am the chestnut tree.
Come look under me
Late in the autumn
And brown nuts you'll see.

[Presents picture or bough]

The Willow

I am the willow tree.
Look at my pussies now.
If you listen carefully,
You'll hear them all "meow."

[Presents picture or pussy-willows]

FIVE GUESSES

For Five Children

First Child

Caw! caw! caw! caw! caw!
Who's up early in the morn?
Caw! caw! caw! caw! caw!
Guess who steals the farmer's corn?

Second

Who? who? who? who? who?
Who wakes up at night?
Who? who? who? who? who?
And always sleeps in the light?

Third

Bob-white! Bob! Bob-white!
You hear me when the sun has set.
Bob-white! Bob! Bob-white!
And at sunrise hear me yet.

Fourth

Coo! coo! coo! coo! coo!
Six fine eggs in my nest.
Coo! coo! coo! coo! coo!
I sing as I on them rest.

Fifth

Tapety, tap! tap! tap!
Away high up in the tree.
Tapety, tap! tap! tap!
Who of the children here know me?

THE MONTHS

For Twelve Children

January [carries a string of bells]

I am January. Listen and you will hear
My bells chime a welcome to the New Year.

February [carries a valentine]

I am February, the month of great men
And valentine verses from Cupid's swift pen.

March [carries bellows]

I am the month of March. My bellows can blow
A wind that will find you wherever you go.

April [carries a watering-pot]

I'm showery April. With sunshine and rain
I coax all the flowers to blossom again.

May [carries a bunch of small flowers — may be artificial]

I am the month of May, the last of the spring.
Dainty little flowers and fair days I bring.

June [carries a few roses]

I'm the month of roses, strawberries and cream.
In cold winter weather, of June you will dream.

July [carrying a fire-cracker]

And I am warm July, the month for the boys,
As my Fourth gives excuse for plenty of noise.

August [carries tin pail and shovel]

In August you're digging the sand at the shore
And wishing that summer would never be o'er.

September [carries books in strap]

I'm bright September. With book and strap
The children are waiting the school-bell's first
tap.

October [holds handful of nuts]

Bright are October's days, red and gold her
trees;
Ripened nuts are falling, loosened by the breeze.

November [at end of recitation, shows picture of turkey]

I am dark November. My clouds fill the sky,
But the bright faces tell Thanksgiving is nigh.

December [dressed as Santa Claus]

Cold December am I, last month of the year;
I bring Merry Christmas, with love and good
cheer.

PIECES ON NATURE

BUTTERCUPS

There isn't a bit of butter in a single buttercup!
Do you suppose the fairies have eaten the butter up?

[Little girl holds bouquet of buttercups]

A LITTLE ARTIST

I make pictures in the leaves of the trees,
And in the clouds up in the sky.
I wish I could draw with my fingers
As well as I can with my eye.

WHIP-POOR-WILL

A horrid, cruel little boy
Lives near us on the hill;
In the evening he keeps shouting,
“Whip poor Will! Whip poor Will!

KATY-DID

A very naughty little girl
Is in our garden hid.
She never owns she's naughty,
But sings out, “Katy-did.”

THE DAISY

[Small girl holding daisy]

Of course the rose is sweeter,
And the lily is fair and tall;
But for telling fortunes,
The daisy is the best of all.

AUTUMN

The leaves are turning yellow,
And the nuts are on the tree;
If there wasn't any school,
Autumn would just suit me.

A BETTER PLAN

The snow always comes in winter,
When it's too cold to be out to play.
I think, if snow came in summer,
It would be a much nicer way.

WOOL PREFERRED

Mother says snow is a blanket
O'er the flowers spread;
But I am glad a different kind,
Covers me in bed.

AIRSHIPS

They say that airships are new things,
And even now are rare;
But, each fall, I see a million
Come floating through the air.

Bright red and yellow and brown ones,
Set sailing from the trees,
A great splendid host of airships,
Comes floating on the breeze.

JACK FROST'S FRIENDS

The big trees are swaying,
And their leaves are falling;
The soft breezes to the south,
The wee birds are calling.

They're afraid of Jack Frost,
With his winds and snows;
But we children love him,
As the good old man knows.

A PLAN FOR THE WINTER

I'm fond of sunshine and flowers;
I don't like the cold and snow,
To have to stay indoors so much,
And wrap up wherever I go.

I wish I could be like the bears —
Into a hollow tree I'd crawl
And then, until Spring came around,
You would never see me at all.

JEWELS

A million little fairies,
Dancing on the breeze,
Hung a million diamonds,
On the grass and trees.

A million little sunbeams,
Came along that way,
Saw the lovely diamonds,
And took them all away.

TOM'S CHOICE

I understand that Jack Frost,
Was about last night,
That he hung up icicles
And made the ground white.

Of course, if he likes his job,
Not a word need be said;
But I should much rather be
In my nice, warm bed.

A SONG OF SUMMER

The little birdies have all learned a new song,
And the soft wind murmurs the tune,
While the flowers keep time with their nodding
heads —
'T is the song of summer and June.

THE AWAKENING

Beneath the ground the flowers have been sleeping,
Safely, all winter, not one of them peeping,
But, now, the rains whisper, the sun shines so bright,
They push off their covers and climb to the light.

SPRING-TIME

Don't tell me about pretty flowers,
And birdies on the wing;
It's when mamma begins house-cleaning
That *I* know it's spring.

SPRING SUITS

The trees have on their pretty new dresses,
The grasses have theirs, too.
Mother Nature must have been dress-making,
All the long winter through.

THE WINDS

Oh! what does the wind say,
Howling so loudly,
While flowers in their beds
Still sleep so soundly?

He says, "Come down,"
To the old dead leaves,
"You never can stand
My strong March breeze."

A SWEET MESSAGE

Our old friend "Jack" is in the pulpit,
And "Sweet William" is up in the bed,
While gay, saucy "Daffy-down-dilly"
Is shaking her golden head.

The flower family are at home,
And would like to have you call.
They are sending an invitation
To every one, great and small.

A SHOWER

The little clouds all went to play
Upon the sky-blue lawn,
Their fleecy dresses tinted
With the colors of the dawn.

But, soon, their pretty dresses,
Changed to a homely gray,
And the saddened little cloudlets,
All wept themselves away.

SIGNS OF SPRING

Little "Jack-in-the-pulpit"
Has begun preaching now,
And "Lily-of-the-valley"
Doth gracefully bow.

The blue-bells all are ringing
 Their first soft call to praise.
Again God's lovely flowers
 Make Sabbath all the days.

A SPRING THOUGHT

I wonder why the wee, tender flowers,
 Come right after the snow.
I'm sure it would seem the big strong ones
 Would be the first to grow.

I guess it must be that the baby flowers,
 Never think of having a fear.
And it's because they trust God, He sends these
 The first of them all, every year.

CONTRASTS

The flowers have new dresses,
 Whenever it comes spring.
They never must wear "last year's"
 Nor an old "made-over" thing.

But then they stay all winter,
 Out alone in the cold;
So I s'pose there are worse things,
 Than dresses that are old.

TED'S MISTAKE

Papa fixed the flower-beds,
Mamma planted the seeds,
And said I could have a nickel,
If I would pull the weeds.

Just as soon as they came up,
I worked and worked till noon,
When papa said, "He's pulled the plants!
My son, you worked too soon."

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